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Yega Scheme cocoa blocks looking N.W., January 1963.

Yega workers resting under shade trees. Cocoa trees 18 months old, February 1962.

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Harvesting cocoa pods, July 1964.

Selling wet cocoa beans to fermentary representative, July 1964.

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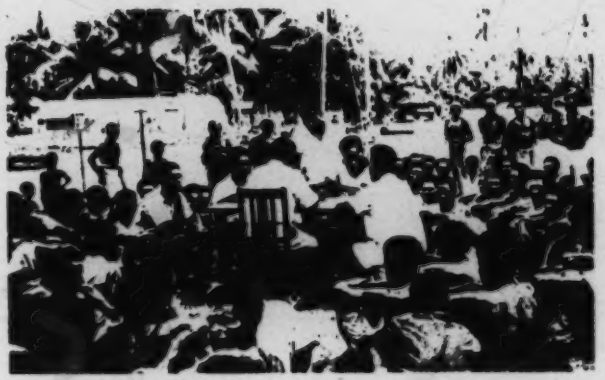

Gona villages co-operative store. Calculation of shareholders' rebates, December 1962.

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Gona villages co-operative store at Cape Killerton.

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Bride and groom outside the organizer's house on the morning of the first day of the bride-wealth exchange

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Transferring the cash

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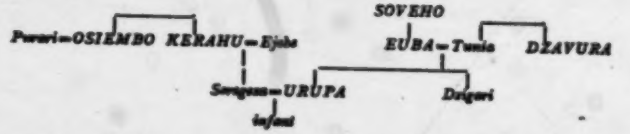
the final situation is satisfactorily sorted out. In such ways, incidentally, it is probable that new clans are formed.

Another factor which must inevitably delay re-building is the activity needed to re-establish social connections. When I was at Popota village one week-end I checked on food that was being eaten, and found that although the children were carefully fed with nuts, pumpkin tops and other valuable foods, the adults were either going without food altogether or eating the despised wild yam; their taro gardens were rotten or choked with weeds. I noticed with surprise a group of people, heavily laden with bags of taro, hurrying along the road. They walked straight into the village and up to a house, and a few minutes later I heard the noise of crying and wailing. A group of nine people were sitting in two rows facing each other under the shadow of a humpy. The relationship of the whole group, with the exception of two unrelated village women, is expressed in the following diagram (capitals signifies men, lower case women).



Kerahu and Ejobe lived in Popota, and their daughter Seregesa married a Sasembata man. When the volcano erupted parents and daughter were evacuated in different directions, and although from time to time they heard news of each other they were unable to see each other. When they returned to their villages the daughter's first thought was to visit her parents, but this could not be done until a humpy had been built and a present of food collected. On this day that they met the procedure was almost automatic: it was like a well-rehearsed play in which every actor knew his part. Seregesa sat down with her baby, and her father gently cried by her side. Her mother sat in front of her, embracing her and crying in a wail:

Nou hakare tato tungesu

Ijoto pouta tato tungesu.

This was translated for me as "I am the girl who was chased away, to other countries, other places chased away." Meanwhile Urupa and his family squatted on mats facing the crying group and chewing areca nut, and Purari with a village woman relieved Seregesa of her bag of taro and began peeling it. The wailing continued for about an hour, other friends and relatives joining the group, and then conversation became general and food was eaten.

In such ways are the social connections remade. And some thought and activity is being devoted to other ends as well—the dance, for instance. Although there was no desire evident to conduct large mortuary feasts for those who had been killed, it may be expected that, as gardens come back into bearing, individuals will